

"eat your rolls," I say to  
Linda.

"no, I don't want to spoil my  
dinner."

"please pass me the front page."

"no, I'm reading it."

so I stare at the back of a woman's  
neck until she turns her  
face.

then our order comes  
only  
it is another waitress bringing  
it.

"thank you," I say.

the new waitress walks off.

"the other waitress couldn't  
stand you," says Linda.

"I hate to ruin somebody's  
day," I say.

"well, you have."

it happens almost everywhere  
we go ....

it's a good place.  
they only serve seafood and the tables are  
well-spaced.

I eat the dinner.  
Linda eats hers.

I tip 15% and we leave.

walking toward our car in the parking  
lot

Linda says, "you ate all the rolls."

"yeah," I say.

LET IT GO

peeing drunk

in the middle of the night  
on the second floor of somewhere  
symphony music on --  
quite a good boy working out.

it's good to have the arts  
to let it go on.



I flush.  
    shake it.  
    wash my hands.  
the symphony music is exceptional --  
    large emotional cartwheels  
    of glory.  
it's good to have the arts  
    to let it go on.  
suppose we didn't have that  
    to let it go on?  
we'd jump off of buildings or  
    murder our lovers.  
I go down the stairway.  
    she is there watching tv.  
"you ought to put something on,"  
    she says,  
    "you'll catch cold."  
you see, it's nice that we have  
    somebody who doesn't want us  
    to get sick,  
and also after pissing in the  
    middle of the night it's nice  
    to be recognized.  
"how long you going to stay up?"  
    you ask her.  
"this thing is terrible," she says,  
    but I have to find out  
    how it ends."  
I go into the kitchen  
    open the refrigerator and  
    stare inside.  
I don't know what I want there  
    somehow it looks more like a  
    clothes closet.  
I close the refrigerator door  
    admire the fat click  
    it makes  
then I go to the stairway  
    walk up.  
pissing  
    can be  
    quite an  
adventure.